

SALVATION SONGS.

Bound for the Better Land.

BY HAZEL MOTT, QUEBEC.

TUNE—Over Jordan.

We are out upon the deep,
Sailing in the Gospel ship,
And our loved ones we shall meet,
Hallelujah!
There our sorrow will be o'er,
And His name we will adore
On that happy golden shore,
Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah!
We are bound for Canada's shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
We are bound for Canada's shore,
Hallelujah!

We'll be robed in spotless white,
And we'll wear bright crowns of light,
Then we'll sing with all our might,
Hallelujah!

We shall play on harps of gold
When our Saviour we behold,
Then our joy will be untold,
Hallelujah!

Now, poor sinner, come along,
Come with us and join our throng,
For the journey won't be long,
Hallelujah!

Come, and He will make you whole,
He will heal your sin-sick soul,
You'll be happy evermore,
Hallelujah!

The Vildest May Come.

BY EMILY HENNETT, ITALY.

TUNE—A stranger to God.

How loving was Jesus to die on the tree,
To purchase salvation for me and for me;
He died there to save us from going to hell,
And those who will serve Him in heaven shall dwell.

CHORUS.

The name of this Friend would you know?
The name of the Friend I love and adore,
It is Jesus—blessed name! There's limited
to a name in my heart of the world.

Oh, love in my heart of the world,
It, none, sinner, come, and no longer
delay:
To be loving at the Cross, there is mercy
today:
Delighting in dangerous, thus worldly dost
die.

Then come to the Saviour, for now you must
die,
You need not despair, for the vildest may
come.

Though far from sin, at the Cross still
live's your soul;
Oh, do not let Satan divide you to roam,
In, for his pleasure so many pass
away.

I KNOW!

BY HAZEL A. BROWNE, SAN PEDRO,
CALIFORNIA.

TUNE—The Cross now covers my sins.
Some people here said it's presumption
to say that I know I am right,
But I have the witness ever present,
And walk on by faith, not by sight.

CHORUS.

The Cross now covers my sins,
The path is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

I know all my sins are forgiven,
Though once they so mountained did rise;
I know that my faith leads to heaven,
And that country so fair is mine.

I know there's a mansion in glory
For all who are true to their God,
I know there's a crown ever ready
For all who are true to their God.

I know there are loved ones with Jesus
Who are waiting just over the way,
I know if I, too, am true to my God,
I'll meet them again some glad day.

For God in His own Word has told me—
"I write to you that you may know,"
So, I'm trusting Him all day long,
Nor doubting, but know it is so.

PRISON GATE HOME
ANNIVERSARY.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth

WILL VISIT

KINGSTON,

On Monday, April 17th.

The Commandant will give an Address on "The Salvation Army in
Relation to the Social Problems."

MR8 BOOTH WILL SPEAK AND SING.

The Blood of Jesus.

BY RICHARD MARGITT.

TUNE—Roll on dark streets.

The blood of Jesus is a source,
Where fear, and shame, and sin's remorse
Are swept away, and not a stain
Where flows the blood can't remain.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood,
It saves from guilt and sin;
Oh, brother, love, and in its cleansing tide
step in.

The blood of Jesus is a power
to which I trust in darkest hour;
No doubt, defeat, or care I know,
While in the cleansing font I go.

The blood of Jesus is my plan,
And those who will serve Him in heaven shall dwell.
The blood of Jesus is a source,
Where fear, and shame, and sin's remorse
Are swept away, and not a stain
Where flows the blood can't remain.

The blood of Jesus is my plan,
And those who will serve Him in heaven shall dwell.
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My Chief Companion.

BY ETTIE WHITTAKER.

TUNE—The Sympathizing Jesus.

My chief companion would you know,
The Jesus, precious Jesus,
He's always with me here below,
In Jesus, precious Jesus.

CHORUS.

Don't fear that all beside,
Jesus, my Companion, Guide,
Loving Friend, no true, no tried,
In Jesus, precious Jesus.

Let others seek companions here,
I'm satisfied with Jesus;
No other friend to me so dear,
In Jesus, precious Jesus.

Companions oft do lead astray,
But not my precious Jesus;
He keeps me from the path of day,
My Jesus, precious Jesus.

In joy or sorrow He's the same,
My Jesus, precious Jesus,
He comforts, cheers me, bless His Name,
The precious Jesus of Jesus.

Dear sinner, won't you love Him too?
My Jesus, precious Jesus,
He suffered, bled, and died for you,
Oh, won't you love my Jesus?

Now then, all together,
Let us fight together,
Let us all yield,
Till all shall yield.

Oh, the field
Of self and sinful pleasure;
Our God shall reign,
And we shall be conquerors.

The Lord of Hosts will lead us forward,
If we'll only trust our power;
But let the witness ever present,
And fight against the wrong.

We are fighting for the Saviour,
And not for the witness ever present,
We will fight till every sinner
Is brought home to God.

Redeemed by the Blood.
TUNE—Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb!

My soul I know has been redeemed,
By Jesus precious blood;
And when I may come and be
Washed in the crimson blood.

Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb our Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth
again.

To intercede for me.
For the chief of sinners was
Till Jesus carried my soul,
And now I praise Him all day long,
Because He makes me whole.

Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb our Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth
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To intercede for me.
For the chief of sinners was
Till Jesus carried my soul,
And now I praise Him all day long,
Because He makes me whole.

It has become a perfect. Slight to us
to carry His word to all denunciations. Jesus
has, we believe, opened up this way for us
to cheer the hearts of those poor souls who
have laid—some of them—for months, and
the kindly hosts with all the care they get
this way. God has provided not only to
cheer but to carry salvation.

My prayer is many hearts may through
His Divine Spirit be changed from dark-
ness to light.

Contributions should be sent to Mrs.
Booth at the Temple, Albion, Tennessee.

PANEYRICS!

Who Wouldn't Have an Easter
Cry?

OWEN SOUTH, March 27th, 1893.

STAFF-CAPT. FREDERICK.—Dear Staff, your
Easter Cry and supplement came to hand on
Saturday morning, and I think the Cry is
just beautiful. I got the picture framed and
hung it in the barracks Saturday night and
long it is the people's talk it is just grand.
Some of them are taking two copies so you
can send me fifty extra copies that it, I
ordered 100, so the fifty extra will make 150
altogether. Send them right away. Yours
affectionately,
Capt. Wm. FREDERICK.

RELEVANCE, March 27th.
We sent our order for 100 Easter W. C.,
but seeing the supplement is in the W. C.
bill says, such a beauty, please send 100.

UNION, ILL.
The Easter Cry.
If I am not too late in ordering, you may
send me a hundred. Since you sent me
sample, I'm encouraged to increase order, as
it seems to me. I will send about 100 in all.
Capt. JAMES FOWLER.

ST. THOMAS, MARCH 27th, 1893
TO THE TRADING SECRETARY.

DEAR SECRETARY—I order 100 copies of
the Easter Cry. I will try thirty or fifty
copies more. I will get them. I am delighted
in them. May God bless you. Yours
truly,
J. M. WILSON.

PORT, March 27, 1893.
DEAR COMMANDANT—If at all possible
please send me ten extra Easter Cry on earth.
Look at the sun, and consider how much fire there
is there, continually spending itself,
and never apparently growing low.
Look at that ball of fire, which is
little else than a ball of fire with a
thin coating round, and yet for
centuries and centuries the fire has
burned and never gone out. It is
still strong enough to be felt before
you get half a mile below its surface,
and, again, years in the way.

ROCKWORTH, March 27, '93.
TO STAFF-CAPT. FREDERICK.—Your sample
Easter Cry has been received. I think it
will sell more than I expect. I have
sent you ten extra, and I have five extra orders
already, so I won't disappoint anyone, and
editors, yours in the way.

LIET, H. STEVENSON.

BROOKLYN, March 27, '93.
DEAR TRADING SECRETARY.—Please send me
twenty-five Easter Cry extra, fifty in all.
I'll be happy to see them. Yours truly,
Capt. J. HENRY F. TOWNE.

DEAR EDITOR.—I really must send you
a few lines to congratulate you on the Easter
Cry. It is a beauty. I really was pretty
dumbfounded if you could beat the War Cry.
You've done it. It is indeed a long way ahead
of that sample. Yours faithfully,
LIET, H. STEVENSON.

Read this letter from a sister of the League
of Mercy.

"In visiting the General Hospital from
work to work, and distributing the War
Cry from bed to bed, I could not help but
feel how much these dear people love to
get hold of a paper that they know is
reading it, that every word of it is true.
Oh, how dear friends who are in such
and strength could only see how much our
War Cry is loved and looked for, hands
stretched out saying, 'Give me one; give me
one; your hearts would be touched,
and we would help us with your prayers
that God will open up the way to supply
the means to pay for them.
I have from eighty to one hundred a
week.

ALBANY, March 28th, 1893.
DEAR STAFF.—Please send me five
Easter Cry without fail, that will make a
total of forty; they are taking well, the best
I have seen. God bless you.
Capt. JAMES MICHAEL.

THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.
VOL. IX. No. 442. [Issued at the W. C. Press (under the name of the W. C. Press) TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1893. [REPRINTED BY H. BOOTH, 100 Queen's Quay East, Toronto.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION!

A BELCHING FORTH OF HEAVENLY FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM AT HAND.

The Crater Already
in a State of
Ferment.

INDICATIONS OF ACTIVITY
AND FIERY FORGE.

Sundry Explosions Already
Reported.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS ARE
LOOKING FOR PHENOMENAL
MANIFESTATIONS.

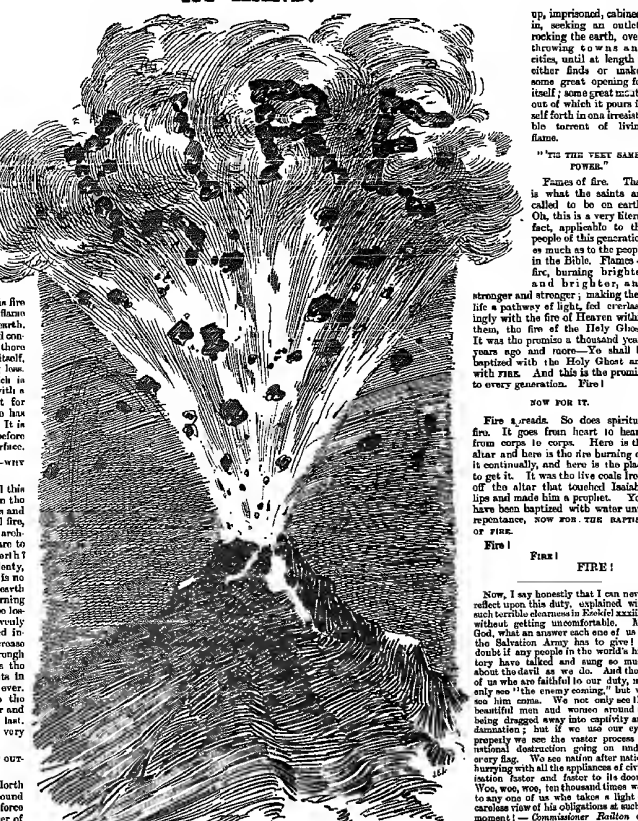
COMRADES, there is fire
to be had to inflame
every poor soul on earth.
Look at the sun, and con-
sider how much fire there
is there, continually spending itself,
and never apparently growing low.
Look at that ball of fire, which is
little else than a ball of fire with a
thin coating round, and yet for
centuries and centuries the fire has
burned and never gone out. It is
still strong enough to be felt before
you get half a mile below its surface,
and, again, years in the way.

IN THE EARTH AND THE SUN—WHY
NOT IN YOUR SOUL?

And think you if there is all this
reserve of fire in the sun and in the
earth, there is not as boundless and
unextinguishable a store of spiritual fire,
sufficient to inspire angels and arch-
angels, and with enough to spare to
inspire every living soul on earth!
Oh, believe it! There is, plenty,
and more than plenty. There is no
want of heavenly things. This earth
and the sun are said to be burning
out, slowly, but surely, and to be lo-
sing their power. But this heavenly
fire only increases in force and in-
tegrity, and will continue to increase
right on through time and through
eternity. That is what makes the
brightness and glory of the saints in
heaven to increase for ever and over.
And that is what will make the
flames of the sinners' hell hotter and
hotter as long as eternally will last.
Oh! God is a consuming fire in very
deed and in truth.

IF UNDER, WILL MANIFEST ITSELF OUT-
SIDE.

Look at this volcano belching forth
fiery darts, shaking the very ground
and spitting its acids with the force
of its efforts. That is the power of
fire. It is the fire in the earth, but



up, imprisoned, caged in,
seeking an outlet
rocking the earth, over-
throwing to w and
either, until at length it
either finds or makes
some great opening for
itself; some great mouth-
out of which it pours its
self forth in one irresisti-
ble torrent of living
flame.

"TO THE TEST SAME
POWER."

Flames of fire. That
is what the saints are
called to be on earth.
Oh, this is a very literal
fact, applicable to the
people of this generation
as much as to the people
in the Bible. Flames of
fire, burning brighter
and brighter, and
stronger and stronger; making their
life a pathway of glory, and elevat-
ing them to the fire of Heaven within them.
It was the promise a thousand years
ago and now—To shall be
baptized with the Holy Ghost
and with fire. And this is the promise
to every generation. Pure!

NOW FOR IT.

Fire is made. So does spiritual
fire. It goes from heart to heart,
from corps to corps. Here is the
altar and here is the fire burning on
it continually, and here is the place
to get it. It was the five coals from
off the altar that touched Isaiah
and made him a prophet. You
have been baptized with water unto
repentance, now you have baptism
or fire.

Fire!

Fire!

Fire!

Now, I say honestly that I can never
reflect upon this duty, explained with
without getting uncomfortable. My
God, what an answer each one of us in
the Salvation Army has to give! I
doubt if any people in the world's his-
tory have had and sung so much about
this duty as we do. And those
of us who are faithful to our duty, not
without getting uncomfortable. My
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Cast a prayer that your next faith be high ;
Recourse us the next will be 'nough for our
 need ;
Yours ever for God and the Cry.
 --STANLEY,

LOOK OUT FOR LATER INTELLIGENCE.

Chr and Young Soldier all sold on Saturday. Capt. Brewer gave us a lift in the afternoon and night, and we believe much good was done. The fight is hard, and people don't seem to want salvation; but we shall warn them faithfully, and if they die and go to hell their blood is upon their own shoulders. Our prayer is, "God, save them."—Captain and Mrs. WYNN.

BERLIN.—We had a good time here to Thursday; the front of the platform looked as if it were a grocery store. A brother next to me on the street who said he wanted to get saved; he came to the soldiers' meeting and got salvation; now he says he is determined to trust God.—G. SMITH, S.F.

REDDY CITY.—Death has entered our midst, and taken away a bright young girl, who some time ago was converted in our meetings; but through a love for the world she was led away from God. She caught cold, consumption laid hold of her, and in a month she was gone. On her death-bed God gradually restored her, forgiving all the past. I visited her during her illness, and her white face was lit up with heavenly light. She passed away in triumph.—Capt. HEWITT.

BARRIE.—Four of our comrades have just
farewell and gone to different parts of the
battlefield. May the Lord keep them and
make them a blessing.

Special Meetings.
 FORT, N.S.—On Thursday night we had the Stellarton brass band with us. On Saturday, Capt. Ginge, with his blood-and-liver warriors, came from New Glasgow. The townsmen were very pointed; the music was grand; ju-

Reminiscences of Former Days—The Art of Making Pancakes—Hard Times—Old Boots and Rubbers Instead of Wood

The Art of Making Pancakes,
they formed my chief article of diet for
several days.

Among the first houses I visited was the home of the Church of England clergyman. After making known my intention, I was very abruptly told I was not needed there, and the door was closed against me. How

I Kneelt Down in Front of the Steps,
and asked God to have mercy on all who

I felt impressed I was on the right track, for I, together with others, was informed by Commissioner Cooch in a

Upheavals and Rumbles.
THURSDAY, N. S.—This week, few precious souls sought and found pardon. God is working mightily; many are convicted; some have promised to come. Look out for next report.
Lieut. ANNIE WHITMAN.

The Sergeant-Major Expostulates.
THURSDAY.—Thursday night, we had a song service which went off with a swing, and an enjoyable time was spent. Sundays morning were very impressive. At eight, Sergeant-Major read and spoke to the soldiers, but nobody would heed.—**Capt. W. HENRIE.**

A Desperate Battle.
WHITNEY.—There has been a desperate battle going on here, but "Victory" is our motto. We shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King. The devil defeated. Glory to God!—Capt. FAIRBANKS.

Out of the Harbor, Into the Sound.
PARRY BURN.—The event of the week has been our removal from the Harbor to the Sound, where our opportunities are much better. Large crowds Sunday, and one soul volunteered for Jesus. We are all happy, and in for victory.—Capt. H. ANDREWS.

A Backslider Returns.
WESTVILLE.—Since last report we have been having good times; we have had a new from the Briggses, accompanied by Captain Jewer, on whose account we had a very interesting and successful service, also a backslider returning to God.—Capt. BROW.

GALT.—On Sunday afternoon, we had a very lively time. The captain asked for \$20 to pay off the wood bill, and the people responded by paying \$12. At night, we had the harvest time, two preachers and two preachers sought and found salvation.—J. B. S. C.

WISSING: I. - On Sunday good-bye to Capt. Arletti, who fought in the North-West in re East. We wish him God's richest blessings throughout the day filled with the presence of God; night we had an atmosphere of our comrades took their stand the cross. On Friday night an evening, including a funny study for the day. We were at about evening for the day by the hand of that we will see

Blessings.
but we look
after six years'
turning to the
good blessing,
ark have been
to the Thir-
st, when three
of our soldiers
in that three
man who is
chained, and
s, and feel on
up in the fighting

"You are to assist in Lakeland floor (pointing to the Ten all through the series of meetings."

I was Somewhat Taken but, nevertheless, I accepted feeling I was honored in being in the house of my God.

After the big meetings were over, we were sent up to Capt. given me a copy, worked me some encouraging advice, to prepare me for the future.

Back, to the position, the bookkeeper all over, my I — to be given, she became which helped

difficulties
different
relationship
think much
of some
in fact, and
light, and
in hindrance
ary on the
experience
to been
Mind,

[illegible][illegible]

In Spite of Difficulties.
 (HARTFORD).—Though laboring under very many difficulties still we are able to present you with the first of our victories. He is giving us, and we are for still greater things in the future. We have three new soldiers for Him, and still hope to see Him washing many more. —C. NIVENSON, S. C.

A Regular Old Timer.
 COBURN.—At the outset, in our last meeting one soul volunteered for Jesus. A week ago, Wednesday, eight of the Coburns were runners down to Victoria Road (outpost). We had a glorious time, and the Coburns were the first time in a public meeting and testimony to the wonderful joy there was in serving Jesus. That afternoon the Coburns were here ever in a better. Praise God forever. —LESLIE, HUYLMAN.

Twelve New Soldiers.
INCENSELLA.—Since last report, Major Baugh and Scribe have been here, and had good meetings. In the Monday night meeting, twelve stood up and were enrolled under the banner of the May God and the People. May God has been here, and has been glad to give good to us for new fields of labor. May God bless and give them the victory, wherever they go.—I. H. KNAPP.

The Church and Schoolhouse.
PRINCE GEORGE.—We have held another very successful meeting amongst the shanty-men.
Every Thursday night a meeting is held in the Episcopal Methodist Church eight miles from here. Already there has been a number of splendid cases of conversion.

Two Big Hearts.
LAWTON.—Sunday: Was a good day to our souls; one poor horkisler at the holiness meeting came back to Jesus and got blessed and saved, and the same was found in the same place on the platform testifying to the saving power of Christ. In the open-air, on the street corner, two men walked away from us, twenty-five feet from the city hall, God's Word came and gave them, in the prayer of our hearts.—Capt. and Mrs. Donist.

Testified Twice.
HALIFAX.—I—the blessed Lord is with us and is helping us to be diligent in His service. We give God the glory for saving three precious souls in our Sunday school. The Holy Spirit is here and He made her a happy, happy Lord keep them true to our prayers.—
 Supt. Wm. CARLIN.

Terrible Indifference
 MICHIGAN, May 2.—Bridged with us for two days, and I through this servant; but, his and indifference prevail here to see a broken even Christian to see a brother's keeper, and Italian definite experience we cannot to see us in bringing others to Christ. *Jesus Christ*,
 —

Walked Thirty-five
 PETERHAM.—I spent, twice eating, called thirty-four in thirty-five miles, and had no to sell in the meetings on Sunday.

Beyond Anticipation
to Enjoy.—On Thursday night musical meeting little every one to listen.

On Saturday night a potpourri of music of pounds were being what was little anticipated.

On Monday night one semi-fair and well conducted one of the best. NAHAB LENO.

On the day I married my
 Aunt, I was free, by a fine bit
 of the depot; their hearts and
 when they saw we were upon
 their resident landlord in the
 courage and faith was in Go
 save

I Should have Wanted
 After heading out to me a good
 the same stuff as I was given
 and giving me to understand
 never do there, they picked
 the quarters, leaving me to
 my message that we might be
 merely that night. While
 the street that some evening
 boys slip babies on my back,
 the third edition.

I felt my weakness. Every man

LOOK OUT
FOR
**Captain
Cowan**
PRISON EXPERI
NEXT WE

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n's
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EK !

LOOK OUT
FOR
Captain
Cowan's
PRISON EXPERIENCE,
NEXT WEEK!

